

The Evening World.

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PLODDING TOWARD PREPAREDNESS.

THE House Committee on Naval Affairs has taken its own cautious way in providing for the development of the nation's defenses on sea. Yet there is no need to minimize what the committee's programme actually contemplates in the way of substantial increase of naval strength merely because that increase is not at once all it ought to be.

It is something to be thankful for that the experts convinced the committee members of the importance of battle cruisers in modern naval defense. Five thirty-five-knot vessels of this type, each carrying ten fourteen-inch guns, would put the United States well to the fore in the battle-cruiser class, and the need of battle cruisers is admitted to be more urgent than the need of dreadnoughts. The rest of the programme—twenty submarines, four scout cruisers, ten destroyers, one hospital ship, one fuel ship, one ammunition ship and 16,500 more men—is a step, though a short one, in the right direction.

Moreover it is a good sign, as Secretary Daniels points out, that members of the naval committee who voted for only one battleship last year are now voting for five battle cruisers to cost over \$20,000,000 each. It cannot be said that the country's growing demand for adequate defense has had no effect upon its legislators.

The Senate will have a chance to amplify the House committee's plan, and maybe the final measure will be still nearer what it should be. Yet nobody can well maintain that there is no preparedness in the programme as it stands.

U-Boat Issue Closed, View Taken in Berlin—Headline.
They know there how to keep it so

SING SING DOOMED.

GOV. WHITMAN yesterday signed the Sage bill, which provides for the construction of a new prison, on another site, to replace Sing Sing.

This means that the State can presently be rid forever of the overcrowded, outworn medieval horror that has so long disgraced it. The present Sing Sing, with its dank, mephitic atmosphere and its cells, in many of which two men are bunked one above the other in a space only three feet three inches wide, is utterly, irredeemably out of date as a habitation for human beings.

So discredited is the Sing Sing cell block plan on sanitary grounds that one of the Governor's chief reasons for vetoing the Towner bill was that this measure, though aiming to do away with Sing Sing, required the use of plans already drawn which would have meant retaining the Sing Sing cell block system.

The Sage bill provides for a commission of five to select the new prison site at Wingdale or Beekman and adopt any plans, new or old, that will give the best results. Three members of the commission—the State Superintendent of Prisons, the State Superintendent of Public Works and the State Architect—are designated in the measure itself. The Governor is to appoint the other two. Upon these five will rest the responsibility of starting work on a sanitary, up-to-date prison that the State need never be ashamed of.

Even though the present Sing Sing is used in future as a distributing centre and industrial prison, its buildings will be remodelled and its unspeakable cell block torn down. Which is what New York has waited for years to see accomplished.

It must have been nuts to the Colonel to be in Michigan
stamping about in the very abode of Peace.

A SOUND STATE INVESTMENT.

HAVING disentangled itself from the cold clutch of organized charity, the Child Welfare Board is now promised money for its special and proper work—enabling widowed mothers to bring up their children with the benefits of home care.

Yesterday's vote in the Board of Estimate, concurrent with the action of the Board of Aldermen last month, provides \$300,000, raised by the issue of special revenue bonds, to be placed at the immediate disposal of the Child Welfare Board.

By this time the public is well aware that the Widows' Pension Act, the result of a long campaign led by The Evening World, is not charity but sound economy which secures to the State better material for citizenship at less cost than it could be produced in charitable institutions. As President Dowling of the Board of Aldermen says: "This country is already overladen with charitable institutions. Charity instead of keeping the home together has a tendency to break it up."

The fact is, widows' pensions are not State aid but State investment. Give the Child Welfare Board \$1,000,000 a year, and properly applied it will all come back with interest in better and more productive citizens.

Hits From Sharp Wits

It is a rare after-dinner speaker who can tell a funny story that not all the other guests have also read.

The most common manifestation of charity at home is found in the excuses that men have for their shortcomings.—Albany Journal.

A lecturer says that married men are the most earnest students, but that as a matter of fact they have to be.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Something to worry about: Sixteen

Letters From the People

Incorrectly Worded.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A friend and I disagree as to the grammar and construction of the following sentence:
"This ticket cost \$20 a month, and must be paid in due time."
One contends (1) that the verb "cost" should be "costs," because its antecedent is singular, and because the buying of the ticket is impliedly

ALBERT WARRING.

The Man Without a Country!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

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JUSTICE HUGHES," remarked the Head Pollster, "maintains his Sphinx-like attitude."

"Justice Hughes," said the Laundry Man, "has made his position quite clear. He has said that he is not seeking the nomination. But at no time has he said he would not accept the nomination."

"Owing to Justice Hughes's constitutional abhorrence of committing himself in politics until he is satisfied that the odds are more than 61 per cent. in his favor, he is not in the white-haired boy class with the U. S. P. leaders of this State. Their members got back to 1908, when the Republican Convention was in session in Chicago. Justice Hughes was at that time Governor of New York. He had refused to go to Chicago as a delegate."

"Mr. Roosevelt had told the convention that it would have to take Taft or take him, and the convention had taken Taft. Then the Vice Presidential nomination was offered to New York. The delegation held a meeting in the Auditorium Hotel and it was decided to confer the honor on Charles E. Hughes."

"They wired Gov. Hughes and they got no reply. After waiting until midnight one day, they authorized certain influential politicians to call the Governor on the long distance telephone and tell him of the situation. A meeting of the delegation was held the next morning. The influential politicians reported that they had been unable to get the Governor of New York on the telephone, and they weren't any too subdued in making their reports either."

"Gov. Hughes might as well have been buried for all the New York delegates could do to get a line on him, so they picked James S. Sherman and ran him for Vice President. Justice Hughes was elected."

"Hughes for Governor, and if Taft hadn't ridden the State ticket through on a landslide, Hughes would have been Governor, and it isn't likely they can smoke him out on the Presidency when he is on the Supreme Court."

Preparedness for Peace.

"SPEAKING of smoking out," said the Head Pollster, "it looks as though Germany was ready to quit."

"forced upon us, and now those bullies, Great Britain, France and Russia, refuse to quit taking punishment. For whatever happens hereafter they must take all the blame." And the plan of Germany will not be without force in neutral nations.

He Lives But Doesn't Learn.

"SEE," said the Head Pollster, "that William J. Bryan says the Preparedness Parade last Saturday didn't amount to anything."

"Mr. Bryan," said the Laundry Man, "hasn't learned much in twenty years. He said the same thing about the Sound Money Parade in 1896."

The only failure a man ought to fear is failure in cleaving to the purpose he sees to be best.—GEORGE ELIOT.

Your Telephone Talks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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AND now, since it has been disclosed that some kind person comes tap, tap, tapping at your neighbor's telephone, there is considerable conjecture and no little consternation manifested.

Everybody is suspicious. Has my telephone been one of them? Is asked by many, many people. The company gives assurance that only those suspected of crime have been "tapped" in.

At any event it is now recognized that in any talk over a telephone two's company and three's a tap. However, while the right or wrong is being publicly discussed concerning these "taps," there are a few tips that the wise will observe in their telephone talks.

Every man's home should be his castle and his telephone a part of its privacy, yet a message sent over a telephone, like a bullet, cannot be recalled. Some messages act like bullets in that they wound and grieve the recipient.

Thousands of thoughtless words are sent over the telephone that would never be said if the persons were face to face.

Besides, the most intimate and private conversations are held on the presumption that no one hears but the two who are connected by the wire. That is the general aim and intention by those responsible for the service, yet in a great city like New York, with thousands of people constantly communicating, getting in on a "busy wire" is no uncommon occurrence.

Thus if you find yourself on such a wire, you hear two other people talk. Again, some one may be trying to get you while you are "busy." Unintentionally and accidentally as it happens, that one may hear your conversation with another.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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MR. RANGLE dropping in on Mr. Jarr at noon the other day, asked, "Where are you going to lunch to-day?"

"Don't feel hungry and don't much care," said Mr. Jarr. "Where are you going?"

Mr. Rangle named a high-priced restaurant in the neighborhood of Mr. Jarr's office.

"That's the place where the waiters treat you as if you were an equal," commented Mr. Jarr.

"It's the only place to get anything decently cooked downtown," said Mr. Rangle.

"I tell you I'm not feeling hungry," said Mr. Jarr, "and everything tastes alike at that place. It is cooked early in the morning and kept warm, and soggy till noon waiting for the rush."

"The baked beans and corned beef are mighty good, though," replied Mr. Rangle, "smacking his lips."

"There you go, getting ready to eat a whole lot of solid food in the middle of the day," said Mr. Jarr, "and that place has a nerve asking forty-five cents a portion for baked beans. I tell you what we'll do: let's go to a place where they DO know how to cook that greatest of all American fruits—the bean—and where they do have corned beef that is corned beef, and where they don't charge one-half as much."

"Oh, all right," replied Rangle; "but let's have a cocktail first. We can't get anything to drink at those places. I'll match you for it."

So they stopped in at a nearby cafe and had two cocktails each. Mr. Jarr, losing the price of each round.

Then they went to the popular-priced beanery and had beef—which was good and which they both enjoyed. They matched for the twenty-cent check and Mr. Jarr lost.

As they came out Mr. Jarr said: "Let's get a cigar—a good one; we haven't spent much for our luncheon."

"I'll match you for them," replied Rangle. Whereupon they went to the restaurant that charged so high for beef and beans, and Mr. Jarr, who lost, bought three cigars for a dollar.

They took a couple more cocktails, and then Mr. Rangle said: "As you've lost every time to-day when we matched to see who'd pay, I'll give you a chance to get your money back. I'll match you for a dollar."

They matched and Mr. Jarr lost.

"Double or quits," said Mr. Jarr.

"All right," replied Mr. Rangle. Once again they tossed and Mr. Jarr lost. They would have been at

The Woman of It.

By Helen Rowland.

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"HAVE you ever had the 'love-panic'?" asked the Widow, irrelevantly, as she toyed with an unopened letter beside her plate and then laid it aside with a smile of tender amusement.

"If I have," returned the Bachelor, cautiously, "I didn't know it by that name."

"Of course you didn't," agreed the Widow, soothingly. "No man ever does know it—by any name. But every man has it, at least once, if not oftener, in a lifetime."

"What are the symptoms?" inquired the Bachelor, interestedly.

"Fever and chills," explained the Widow, helping herself to an olive. "Burning head—and cold feet. Alternate exhilaration and depression—wild joy and black despair, and a continuous state of unreasoning fright."

"Oh, if that's all, I HAVE had it!" acknowledged the Bachelor.

"It is merely the 'growing pains' of the heart, from which a man suffers when he finds himself falling in love against his will and can't decide what is the matter with him," continued the Widow. "It must be something awful!" she added, sympathetically.

"Why do you say 'must be'?" demanded the Bachelor. "Don't you know?"

"Certainly not," replied the Widow. "Women never have the 'love-panic.' A girl always knows when she is falling in love. She has been expecting it from childhood and is not at all surprised. But a man, on the contrary, is so cock-sure that he never WILL, and never CAN fall in love that he simply won't believe it when it happens. He fights it, as he would the plague, with all the preventives and mental violence at his command. And the more he fights the harder he falls! For instance—and the Widow tapped the unopened letter beside her plate—"I don't know whether this envelope contains a proposal of marriage or an eternal farewell. It's from a man suffering with the 'love-panic.'"

"Why don't you open it and see?" suggested the Bachelor, eagerly.

"Oh," and the Widow shrugged her snowy shoulders. "It doesn't make any difference. He is a very young man, Mr. Weatherby," she added, in self-defense, "and he had to have it once, anyway. Really, it's better for him to get it out of his system while there isn't any danger of its developing into matrimony. But it's funny how they act under the influence," she gurgled.

"Ahem! How do we—how does one act?" inquired the Bachelor.

Ready for Valor, He Pretends Discretion.

"WELL," and the Widow toyed thoughtfully with her salad, "the first thing the average man does when he discovers that a particular girl is beginning to mean more to him than any of the others is to assure her, brutally, that he is NOT a marrying man; that he never, never has been in love and doesn't think he ever will be; that he likes her and all women 'just for companionship,' etcetera, etcetera, etcetera."

"It must be an awful bore to her!" murmured the Bachelor, sympathetically.

"It is—to an inexperienced girl!" admitted the Widow. "But after a while one gets to recognize it as the first fatal sign, and then one learns to smile sympathetically at him and agree that he is a born misogynist, cold, wise and impenetrable."

"And the next moment," broke in the Bachelor, with a flash of reminiscence, "he is yearning to take her in his arms and kiss her."

"Exactly!" smiled the Widow. "How did you guess? It always assumes him that way. One minute he wants to flee from her, forever—and the next he is seized with cold fright, for fear she may escape him. He goes home at night with the fixed determination never to see her again—and wakes up next morning wondering how soon he will dare telephone her. One minute he wonders if she is a designing young thing trying to rope him in—and the next he wonders if he can ever hope to persuade such a perfect being to have him. One minute he is willing to himself that he could never, never endure being 'tied'—and the next he is pitying himself for being a poor, lonely bachelor, and dreaming of cozy, homey evenings beside the fire, with the sitting opposite. And all the time he desperately assures himself that he is NOT in love—that it is just an attack of liver, or spring fever, or midsummer madness, that is affecting him—and meanwhile he is thinking of nothing but the way her lips curve at the corners and the way her hair curls above the temples. He can't eat, he can't sleep, he can't work, he can't think—until all of a sudden he finds himself ENGAGED!"

Only His Own "Case" Worries a Man.

"YES," sighed the Bachelor, with a long breath, as the Widow finished, "I know—just how it is! But there is always time to escape after the engagement— isn't there?" he pleaded.

"Maybe," rejoined the Widow, with a mocking laugh. "But they never want to escape then. Once a man has acknowledged to himself that he is in love, and has given up the struggle, he becomes as calm and sunny and placid as a lake on a midsummer afternoon. In his opinion there is nothing more to be decided."

"Well," demanded the Bachelor, in surprise, "what more IS there to be decided?"

"Oh, nothing," answered the Widow, with a shrug, "except whether or not the girl is to love with HIM!"

"It never occurs to that?" exclaimed the Bachelor, reddening.

"Not," laughed the Widow. "They never do—at least not while they are in the throes of the 'love-panic!'"

Delays breed dangers; nothing so perilous as procrastination.

THE first of the Bogoslov group of the Aleutian Islands was born 120 years ago. There was a great convulsion in the Behring Sea, about twenty-five miles north of Unalaska, and an island appeared above the surface of the stormy waters. This island, which rose to a height of nearly 5,000 feet above sea level, was christened Bogoslov by the Russians, who then owned Alaska. It remained solitary and alone until 1882, when another volcanic eruption in the sea was followed by the birth of another island near the first. For two years the new island was the scene of an active eruption. Then it cooled gradually, and, like the first island, became the home of seals and sea lions and the breeding grounds for sea birds. The third of the Bogoslov group was born ten years ago. The "baby" was smaller than its elder sisters, being about a third of a mile in diameter and with an altitude of some 600 feet, but the following year another convulsion of nature resulted in nearly doubling its area. Since then several other islands have been born in various parts of the Aleutian chain.

Facts Not Worth Knowing
By Arthur Baer
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In order to brighten the lives of maimed soldiers a European manufacturer is making artificial legs with castors on the bottoms.

A Poughkeepsie dealer has invented an expanding milk can for use during a ratu storm.
It is claimed that Bertillon first got his fingerprint idea from a roller towel in a railway station.
Owing to the unhappy faculty an umbrella has for fitting either a tall or a short man it is impossible to get a jury to try a man on the charge of umbrella kidnapping.
Although opposed to propagandas, a Brooklyn citizen is starting one to compel subway guards to separate their chewing tobacco from their conversation.
It yet only some important matters necessitated Mr. Jarr's returning to the office.
Altogether the cheap luncheon and the things that followed had cost Mr. Jarr eight dollars, and as he was short that week he went home cross.
"Can you let me have some money?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "I ordered some things I needed home C. O. D., and they're liable to be here any minute."
"Do you think I'm made of money?" growled Mr. Jarr. "What's the use of my trying to scrimp and save and buy things I can't use?"
"I don't care," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I'll match you for a dollar."
They matched and Mr. Jarr lost. They would have been at